

J. S. WILSON D. T. WILSON.

JAS. S. WILSON & BRO.,

BANK ROW, NORTH SIDE COURT
HOUSE.



COAL.

In time of peace prepare for war. In warm weather prepare for cold. The wise man lays in his supply of coal during the summer months. We have a bounteous supply of SOUTH JELICO and MIXED CANNEL.

SALT.

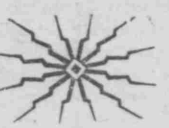
Just received a car load of FRESH SALT.

FARM WAGONS.

We feel confident we have the best lot of farm wagons made, such as AVERY, STUDEBAKER and MITCHELL. We also keep cheaper grades.

FARM IMPLEMENTS.

We sell the celebrated AVERY DISC PLOW, the very best plow for hard ground. We also sell the most popular plow—THE VULCAN. It has a light draft and does nice work. We are also agents for the HOOSIER DRILLS and keep in stock CORN HARVESTERS. In fact anything the farmer needs we try to have for him. We also have some choice SEED RYE.



J. S. WILSON & BRO.,
PARIS, KY.

TEHRE IS NOTHING



COHEN'S
BOBBINET
RUFFLED
CURTAINS.

WHAT YOU CAN PUT IN YOUR HOUSE, THAT WILL
ADD TO ITS APPEARANCE AND FRESHEN
IT UP AS MUCH AS NICE, NEW

Lace Curtains.

And did you know that I am showing the largest and most complete and cheapest line ever brought to Paris. All the new things. New ideas in hanging. Come in and inspect the line. It will cost you nothing to look.

Also New Line of Oriental Draperies! New Wall Paper and Carpets.

J. T. HINTON,

BETRAYAL.

Out of the chilling rain and fog
That hid the mountain from our sight
A dusky cloud came floating down
At early dawn of light.

The cloud dropped softly to the lake
And a sound of whirling wings
And spread into a graceful line
A host of living things.

We hailed this burst of joyous life;
The sunless day seemed dark no more,
When suddenly a range of rain
And echoed round the shore.

The waterfowl were nature's guests,
But they were doomed, and all that day
The shots pealed forth, and on the waves
The dead and dying lay.

At last into the breeding nest
Three vanished, softly as a dove,
A broken flock, with plume torn,
After that day of shame.

—Mary Tucker. *Tragedy in Youth's Camp.*

UNINHABITED ISLANDS.

There Are Thousands of Them in the Indian Ocean.

If you should want an island—that is, an uninhabited island—the purpose of occupying it alone, Robinson Crusoe like, or to use it for romantic fiction or for any other purpose, to the exclusion of all others in the world, you need have no trouble in finding one if you see fit to make a journey to the Indian ocean. In the waters between Madagascar and India you can find more than 15,000 of them, where there is not a human being and where you can, if you will, be monarch of all you survey.

An English traveler has recently been among the small islands that dot the western end of the Indian ocean to make an inventory of them and reports that he counted 16,100 and found only about 600 of them inhabited. Now, there is a good chance for any one who may want an island.

These particular islands are not large, as islands go, but very many of them are sufficient for the purpose of a Robinson Crusoe or any other novel hero or for even a small colony of shipwrecked mariners or other persons who might be cast on one of them or seek for the purpose of making a home pretty much out of the busy world.

Some of them are only an acre or two, well elevated above the tide, while others are a quarter of a mile in diameter and running from that up to a mile or two in length and a quarter or less of the length in breadth. Many of them are granite structures that rise steeply from 20 to 30 feet, well covered with rich soil, through which small fresh water streams hurry to the sea, which they reach after flowing over beaches of glistening calcareous sand that are begirt by coral reefs, which form walls about the islands.

How He Saved His Dinner.
In the little town of Arundel there is a taxidermist who is gifted with wonderful presence of mind. Here is an instance:

Some time ago a gentleman called at his shop with a cock pheasant, which he desired to have skinned, stating at the time that he did not require the body. This suited the taxidermist, who thought the pheasant would do for his dinner on the morrow.

However, later in the day the gentleman called again and said that he would take the body away. The taxidermist replied that it was unusual for customers to take the bodies away, but that he had no objection, and he fetched the bird, which his wife had put on a plate and covered with flour.

"Ah!" exclaimed the gentleman. "It looks very nice. But what is this white powder with which it is covered?"

"Oh, that," replied the taxidermist quietly, "is arsenic. I always cover the bodies with that until I can dispose of them."

"Ar-arsenic!" stammered the gentleman. "Why, I thought that the best would be good to eat. Thank you, I won't trouble to take it away with me. Good day."

The taxidermist had saved his dinner.—London Answers.

Rede Justice.
A certain Arizona justice of the peace, whose knowledge of the law was never gained from books or actual practice before the bar, was hearing an assault and battery case. The lawyer for the defense was shouting his arguments when the court said:

"That will do. Sit down."

He then adjusted his spectacles and sagely observed:

"Prisoner, stand up! According to the law an 'it' evidence—there is no evidence—Of course you are guilty, or, as you say, 'ye' guilty, faith, it's a very light sentence, an 'it' ye are not guilty it'll be a mighty good lesson for ye!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Prudent Scotsman.
A cautious Scotsman, 85 years old, had saved enough to purchase a piece of freehold land upon which he had had his eye for some time. He repaired to the freeholder and opened negotiations for the purchase. The freeholder, however, informed him that for some reason or other he could not part with the freehold, but said he would give him a lease for 999 years. This, he was informed, was practically the same thing. "Na, na," said the aged one, shaking his gray head, "time soon runs awa'!"—London Outlook.

The Only Difference.
Mrs. Symperly—Now that you have got your divorce and are happy with Mr. Ranger, life is real one more, isn't it?

Mrs. Ranger—Oh, yes; only it's very much like it used to be, except that the piano is a different make.—Brooklyn Life.

It is said that mate, the South American tea, will sustain life many days without the pangs of hunger.

Man is born to rule, but woman comes along and beats him out of his job.—Chicago News.

It is easier to keep well than get cured. Dewitt's Little Early Risers taken now and then, will always keep your bowels in perfect order. They never gripe but promote an easy gentle action.—W. T. Brooks.

Eggs For Hatching.
Pure Brown Leghorns and Silver Wyandottes, fourteen for one dollar. Apply to Mrs. T. Porter Smith, Paris, Ky.

Beaumont Oil Fields.
Low Rates, Direct Line, Excellent Train Service via Queen & Crescent Route.
W. C. RINEARSON, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

THE STEEL WORKERS.

Life of the Strikers and Their Families.

WIVES CHEER ON THEIR HUSBANDS

Women the Chief Sufferers, and They Are Most Bitter and Aggressive in Urging the Men to Join the Strike, Says Grace Ivers—Many Men Fishing or Camping.

Popular fancy during strike times pictures the strikers standing around mill or workshop with a club in hand determined to repel the invasion of new men. The present strike of over 50,000 steel workers of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers presents no such picture. A stranger can walk by any Pittsburgh mill and not see half a dozen strikers, says Grace Ivers in the New York World. Hundreds of them have quit the city and while enjoying themselves in sylvan glades hope the strike will last all summer.

Hundreds of mill men who walked out and will not return in again, ordered by their officers are enjoying themselves at fishing camps along the Ohio, Monongahela, Youghiogheny and Cheat rivers. Most of them are members of clubs which take a summer outing. Others formed clubs when they were on the strike, coming to camp in the woods as soon as the strike order went into effect. Some of them took their wives and children. Others left their families at home to swelter and gossip about the duration of the strike.

The upper Monongahela river is dotted on both sides with white canvas tents. So is the Youghiogheny. There are few along the Ohio because the fishing is not so good. The McKeesport strikers have half a dozen camps. Every man at Camp Victory has his wife with him. Camp Resolute is near by with 30 single men, who have cooks and servants to wait upon them, as inhabitants.

There are camps at Glassport, Confluence, Monongahela City and other places. Here the men lounge on the grass or in hammocks, fish, when they feel inclined, row, bathe and have a good time generally. In the evenings there are entertainments, many of the campers being clever dramatic amateurs and musicians.

The men have worked long and steadily at good wages. Many of the mills have three shifts—that is, ran 24 hours a day with three sets of men, each working eight hours. Labor was scarce all during the scale year which ended June 30, and many of the men worked 16 hours a day. No wonder they dropped from exhaustion at the first spell of hot weather, and no wonder they rushed off to camp hoping the strike will not end until fall. These are the strikers, the better paid class of mill labor, whose wages range from \$4 per day up to \$10.

With the common mill-laborer and others whose daily wage is below \$2 per day it is the women who bear the brunt of a strike. It is their cars which will bear the children ask for bread. And yet in this strike, as in others, the women stand shoulder to shoulder with the men, inspiring enthusiasm in the fighters, and with a determination to help their men out, let the end be what it may.

Miles of streets on the south side of Pittsburgh are built up of the homes of mill workers, and under each roof beats a woman's heart strong for the strike. A journey through these streets revealed but one sentiment among the better class of women, who lead the spirit.

"My man, the stalwart woman in Gorman's alley, whose hands, wrinkled and shriveled from the family wash-tub, showed a worn wedding ring. "I don't know how long it may last. I don't know much about these things because I can't read, and what I know is only what Tim and the children tell me, but I know it's for the good of the workman, and no woman who is worth the name will be in that good. I never was in a strike before except one, when I was just married and had but one child. Then my man went east into the coal mines. He sent me \$3 a week, and I lived on that and helped others that hadn't so much."

A towheaded urchin clung to his mother's skirt while she spoke and chirped in: "The kids are called 'lamb'—'black lamb'—when their fathers go in to be black sheep, and I'll never be a lamb. I'm for the strikers, and I'll do without dinner 'fore I'd ask daddy to go back."

Mrs. James McCarty, stout, motherly dame, who sat in the front of her neat house in South Fifteenth street, looked rather disconsolate when the strike was mentioned. She has but one son, a worker in the tin mills, who gets a wage ranging from \$8 to \$15 a week.

"I ain't got no man to look to me," she said. "I got only one boy at home and he worked hardly any winter. It's hard work to keep the roof over the head and the bread in the stomach when there's no work to do. But I'm willing for him to strike when the rest does. There ain't no sense in working, me, not standing together. They're worked like horses, anyhow, and if they don't stand together they'll be worse than horses."

"I'll put my hand to the wash-tub like many another woman does afore I'll let my man go back without the strikers win," said John Adams' wife, a small, slim mother, who held a baby to her breast while she talked. "We have a little saved. My husband gets \$18 a week, and out of that I can save a little when he works steady, for he's a good man, and he don't drink none. But when the savin's are gone I'll go out and wash or I'll beg from door to door."

Question Answered.

Yes, Angust Flower still has the largest sale of any medicine in the civilized world. You have heard of it, and you never thought of using anything else for Indigestion or Bilelessness. Doctors were scarce, and they seldom heard of Angust Flower, etc. They used Angust Flower to clean out the system and stop fermentation of undigested food, regulate the action of the liver, stimulate the nervous and organic action of the system, and that is all they took when feeling dull with headaches and other aches. You only need a few doses of Green's Angust Flower in liquid form, to make you satisfied that there is nothing serious the matter with you. Get Green's Prize Almanac.—W. T. Brooks.

before I'd wait him to do dirty work." The pretty daughter of a mill worker in one of the iron mills, a brown eyed girl who is noted as the "belle of Black's alley" sat on the front steps of her home and laid down some stringent laws for the men who make strikes possible.

"It's them never knows what want is," she said. "They go off on yachts and wear diamonds, but they don't know what it is to stand before a puddin' furnace all the year round and burn the brains out of your head. If they did, maybe they wouldn't be so ready to sit in their offices, with electric fans around them, and make terms which has all the good on one side."

"I've been going with Charlie for near two years now, and we was hopin to be married 'fore fall, but I'd wait forever sooner than see him go scabbin or blacksheepin. If he did that, I'd never look at him again."

All over the streets it was the same. In bright little parlors where the elegance of a piano lamp transformed shabbiness the sentiment was, "Hold strong together," and in the back alleys where the only sunshine is in the faces of little children tattered women voice their willingness to go forth to wash-tub or to beggary ere they will urge their men to give in.

"Workmen is what their wives make them," said Mrs. Mary Leslie, a determined looking woman, who scoured a frying pan while she spoke. "As long as the women don't nag them they'll stand together. I don't know what it's about—somebody about a picnic. I always let him attend to the fishin' part of the family. I have enough to do to cook the meals and clean the house without meddlin in what's none of my business, but I say, if he belongs to the union, let him stay out as long as he can, says, and I'll do my part toward keepin the house together."

Mrs. James, not a young woman, living in Rhey's court, showed a tin box on which the word "Strike" was roughly painted. "Every dime that comes in this house goes in that box," she said, "and has for years. When other men struck and my man wasn't called out, the box was open for them as needed it. Now we'll need it ourselves, but there's enough in here to keep us on bread at least, and I'd rather eat the roots of them weeds in the yard than see any word ag'in what's for the good of the workman."

Little children march around the corners armed with sticks and flags and announce that they are going to guard their fathers from the black sheep. Strikes are organized on every doorstep and in every back yard, and everywhere enthusiasm is expressed.

When asked how long they could hold out, the almost universal answer was, "Six months." Some said a year, relying on the help from the men who most of them lean on their own possible resources and labor.

In some of the tin mills, which are a big part of Pittsburgh's industry, there are hundreds of girls employed in the various departments, and in a few of these mills the women work side by side with men. None of these is personally interested in the outcome of the strike, but each and every one believes in it as in her religion and would speak words of inspiration to the fleeing eagles of the men who were needed. One buxom maiden called Annie by her companions and whose feather trimmed hat and general Sunday appearance proved her idleness was walking around the scene of her usual employment viewing the closed doors and gates with a thesaurus of a successful leader of strikes.

"I'd never give in if I was them," she said, shutting her teeth with a snap. "I'd hold out until I was found starved in my tracks rather than come back to work without what I struck for. I told the men that and I'd tell them again if I thought they needed it."

"Ten dollars a week is better than nothin, Annie," said her companion, but Annie's eyes snapped as she replied, "Ten dollars a week wouldn't never pay me for bein a disgrace to my country by blacksheepin. It ain't money what's struck fur; it's principle, and I say principle every time."

To their principle represents union for the workingman, power in future, prosperity in labor and all conditions of workers transformed and improved. One and all they stand together, ready to work for the bread they afterward bake and ready to starve without bread, if need be, that the strikers have home support to win their cause.

Of the 25,000 or 30,000 strikers fully 24,000 are common laborers, whose earnings are never more than \$15.00 per day. They can stand the strike longer than the men who earn \$3 per day. The laborers are not members of the Amalgamated association and are not on strike except through sympathy with the union men.

WIDENING RURAL DELIVERY.

Box-Feature of the Plan is Proving Quite Popular.

People who live in the country districts of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, New Jersey and the New England states are just beginning to hear of the new order of the postoffice department at Washington making it part of the duty of the star route mail carriers to deliver mail in boxes put up by patrons along the route.

The first effect is a general protest from the carriers. The box feature is proving quite popular, but every new box which is set up means an extra stop for the carrier and a little longer time on the trip, says the Philadelphia Times. The carriers had ample notice, but they did not figure that their work would be increased materially. Now they think they should be given more money. The postoffice department is disposed to be reasonable and will encourage the growth of the box service.

Eczema and Skin Eruptions.

Remick's Eczema Cure and Remick's Pimples Blood Purifier will cure the most obstinate case. At W. T. Brooks' if you will be mailed on request. Enclose two-cent stamp. Address "Bridge Whist Advertising Department," C. H. & D. Ry., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

Bridge Whist.

The Passenger Department of the C. H. & D. Ry. has just issued a beautiful set of rules on "Bridge Whist," which will be mailed on request. Enclose two-cent stamp. Address "Bridge Whist Advertising Department," C. H. & D. Ry., Cincinnati, Ohio.

PEOPLE OF THE DAY

Resigns to Run For Senate.
Charles G. Dawes has tendered to the president his resignation as comptroller of the currency, to take effect on Oct. 1 next. Mr. Dawes is ambitious to represent Illinois in the United States senate and will be a candidate before the state



CHARLES G. DAWES.

legislature which is to select a successor to Senator Mason. Unlike some men in public life, Mr. Dawes doesn't think it would be in accordance with the proprieties for him to hold his present office while conducting a campaign for the senatorship.

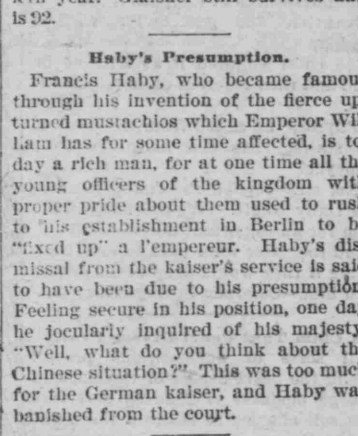
Mr. Dawes entered the office of comptroller of the currency on Jan. 1, 1898, succeeding James H. Eckels.

England's Oldest Scientist.
One of the most interesting of our surviving men of science, says the London Daily Telegraph, is James Glaisher, F. R. S., who recently entered upon his ninety-third year. Many people think of the veteran meteorologist only as an astronomer and a fine sample of what a vigorous mind in a sound body can do, hale and hearty at over 92. When he and Coxwell did their seven miles rise into the empyrean and he fainted and the aeronaut only saved both of them by gripping the valve rope with his teeth, his hands being numb and powerless, the world was greatly moved with admiration. At the meeting of the British association the next year, 1863, Professor Owen made a noteworthy statement. "Physiologists," he said, "were all agreed that one condition of longevity was the capacity of the chest, and therefore he hoped the increased breathing capacity acquired by Mr. Glaisher and Mr. Coxwell would tend to the prolongation of their lives."

The kindly wish was prophetic. Coxwell died in January, 1898, in his eightieth year. Glaisher still survives and is 92.

Baby's Presumption.
Francis Haby, who became famous through his invention of the fierce upturned nose which Emperor William has for some time affected, is to-day a rich man, for at one time all the young officers of the kingdom with proper pride about them used to rush to his establishment in Berlin to be "fixed up" a "pompadour." Haby's dismissal from the Kaiser's service is said to have been due to his presumption. Feeling secure in his position, one day he jocularly inquired of his majesty, "Well, what do you think about the Chinese situation?" This was too much for the German Kaiser, and Haby was banished from the court.

Gone to Hunt the Pearls.
The Peary relief expedition will sail in the steamship Erik from Sidney, C. R., and endeavor first to find Lieutenant Peary, after which the search for the Windward will be taken up. The



HERBERT L. BRIDGMAN.

relief expedition is under the command of Herbert L. Bridgman, secretary of the Peary Arctic club, who has twice before visited the arctic region.

Lieutenant Peary sailed in 1898 with a five year's leave of absence and a clearly defined plan for finding the north pole. In August, 1900, Mrs. Peary and her daughter sailed from Sidney on the Windward, one of the vessels of a second expedition which expected to find Lieutenant Peary's party. Nothing has been heard of the Windward since she left Sidney.

A Kind Hearted Woman.
Among the interesting personalities of Paris is the Baroness d'Harpen. Her hobby is devotion to homeless animals. She keeps a small corps of bicyclists constantly in search of "waifs and strays," and all so found, whether cats, dogs or other animals, are taken to enjoy her hospitality. Even the dead of their kind are not neglected. When her hired houndmen find a dead animal by bridge or gutter, they do not throw it into the Seine or the garbage barrel, but take it to a quiet cemetery at Neuilly, where it is buried.

Those famous little pills, DeWitt's Little Early Risers, compel your liver and bowels to do their duty, thus giving you pure, rich blood to recuperate your body. Are easy to take. Never gripe.—W. T. Brooks.

Notice To The Public.

Back Freeman, the up-to-date barber can always be found and will remain in his barber shop on Main street, ready to wait on you. Call and try his bath rooms. Everything at his shop is strictly first-class.

I HAVE one of the best established trades in the city from the simple fact that I run the best barber in town. Hot and cold baths always ready. CARL CRAWFORD.

LOW CUTS IN HIGH FAVOR.



Wear Oxford ties and keep cool. We have a splendid line to select from.

Keep your head clear and your feet cool and the hot weather won't hurt you.

For \$3 we can provide you with \$100 worth of comfort.

This is bigger odds than you can get on a horse race and

You Are Sure To Win.

We have Oxford Ties for men, women and children at prices that will touch your pocketbook lightly.

Geo. McWilliams.

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We also furnish repairs for all stoves no matter what make.

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